Little Fox Readers

Level 4

Thumbelina 7

Finding New Friends

Little Fox

Summer passed quickly. The leaves started to fall from the trees. Thumbelina was tired and her clothes were torn.

Thumbelina noticed some nuts on the ground. She picked up a small one.

"Hey, that's mine!" yelled a squirrel.

"I found it first," she said stubbornly.

"Okay, I guess you're getting ready for

the winter too," replied the squirrel.

"Winter?" said Thumbelina. "What's that?"

Surprised, the squirrel shook her tail.

"Winter is when it gets cold, silly," said the squirrel. "Food is hard to find. You have to gather and store food. That's what I'm doing."

The squirrel grabbed another nut and quickly ran up a tree.

The days *did* get colder. And food *was* hard to find. One day, hungry and tired, Thumbelina fell asleep. She had a dream she was in a warm bed. Beautiful voices were singing. Thumbelina woke up. She wasn't dreaming.

"Where am I?" she asked, rubbing her eyes.

"You're safe, dear," said a bird.

Thumbelina sat up. She was inside a bird's nest.

"We thought you needed help. So we brought you to our house," said the bird. "I'm Maggie."

“I heard something lovely,” Thumbelina said after introducing herself.

“We were singing,” said the other bird. “My name is Kris.”

“I haven’t sung in a long time,” said Thumbelina. “I used to sing when I was happy.”

“Well, not all songs are happy ones,”

said Maggie.

"What do you mean?" asked Thumbelina.

Kris and Maggie looked at each other.

"All songs are different," said Kris. "Listen to this one."

His song was short and almost angry.

"You sounded upset," said Thumbelina.

Kris nodded. “That was an angry song.”

“Can you guess this one?” asked Maggie. Her song was slow and quiet.

“No, I can’t,” said Thumbelina. “What kind of song is that?”

“I sing that song when I need to solve a problem,” said Maggie.

"Can you teach me some songs?" asked Thumbelina.

"Of course," said Maggie.

They taught Thumbelina many kinds of bird songs. Each song was special. But one kind of song was a secret language. These songs were talking songs, and Thumbelina learned these too.

Thumbelina stayed with her friends Kris and Maggie. The birds brought her food and kept her warm. But soon the birds had to leave.

"Winter is almost here," said Maggie. "It's time for us to fly south."

"I wish I had wings," Thumbelina said sadly. "Then I could fly away with you."

The birds put her on the ground and sang a song of good-bye.

"Good-bye, Thumbelina," they said. "You'll find your way home!"

"Good-bye, my friends," she replied. Kris and Maggie flew off.

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